

DELL
COMIC

OCTOBER

the Lone Ranger



INDIAN WAMPUM



Long before white traders introduced the colored glass beads so commonly used to decorate Indian costumes, the red men were drilling and polishing beads of their own from such materials as shell, bone, horn, stone, teeth, seeds, etc. The best known and most interesting of the original Indian beads was the wampum, a small shell bead of the Eastern tribes.

Wampum was the red man's money, but the beads were also used for adornment and ceremonial purposes, for making records, and conveying messages. Wampum beads were either black, dark purple, or white. Dark beads were double the value of white, the dark being harder to come by.

White wampum beads were made from the coiled heart of the whelk or periwinkle shells, and the dark from hard clam or quahog shells. The beads were small, up to half-an-inch in length and about one-eighth of an inch in diameter.



Just how the Indians managed to drill these small brittle beads with their flint-tipped pump drills (Fig. 3) remains a mystery to this day. Outer parts of the shell were first carefully broken away, (Figures 1 and 2), and the exposed heart (Fig. 3), polished and cut into sections (Fig. 4), then drilled for stringing.

When an Indian had enough wampum to make a large wampum belt (see below), he was considered well fixed.

Western tribes, such as Navajoes and Pueblos, still make wampum, which they string with turquoise and coral, and drape with shell pendants inlaid with turquoise and jet. The wampum necklaces of Navajoes and Pueblos are commonly used as mediums of exchange between Indians and white traders today.

During the settling of the eastern colonies, the English and Dutch Colonists, who brought little gold and silver with them, quickly adopted Indian wampum as legal money. With the aid of steel drills and grinding and polishing stones, the Dutch opened factories which turned out wampum in such large quantities that they soon monopolised trade with the Indians. Some of these wampum factories are still doing business with Indian traders of the West.



the Lone Ranger

THE FIGHT OVER DEATH GORGE

THIS DEATH
GORGE, KISS
SABAY!

YES TONTY! AND THE ONLY
THING THAT CROSSSES
DEATH GORGE IS THE
TRESTLE WITH TEEN
TRACKS THAT COME FROM
SILVERTON ON THE
OTHER SIDE!

IT PLUNTY
DEEP AND
LONG!

THE NEAREST CROSSINGS ARE THREE
MILES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE TRESTLE!
IT WAS A REAL ENGINEERING FEAT
SPANNING THE GORGE WITH THAT
TRESTLE! BUT IT SAVES MILES OF
TRACK BY TAKING THE DIRECT WAY
TO THE NEAREST TOWN FROM
SILVERTON!

WHY THERE NO
MAN BY SWAYTON?

THERE'S NO NEED TO CHANGE
THE SWITCH! THAT OTHER
SECTION OF TRACK CONTINUES
FOR ONLY HALF A MILE! IT'S
AN ABANDONED BRANCH
LINE!

WE'LL CAMP HERE, TONTY!
AFTER LUNCH, YOU'LL RIDE TO
SILVERTON AND SEE IF THE
SHERIFF WE KNOW THERE
HAS ANY INFORMATION
ABOUT RALDY BOONTON'S
BANK ROBBER GANG!

USH! WE LOSE
THEIR TRACK
AFTER LAST
ROBBERY BUT
TWENTY MEN NOT
DISAPPEAR EASILY!

MEANWHILE, IN SILVERTON--

YES, MISTER, THE WESTBOUND
TRAIN'S ON SCHEDULE!

THANKS! JUST WANTED
TO BE SURE IT'D BE
HERE AT TWELVE
TEN! I'M TAKIN' IT--

AND ALL THE MONEY--
ME AND THE BOYS CAN
SCORP UP IN THIS
TOWN!

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

EVERYTHIN' IS SET HANK! THE TRAIN'LL BE HERE IN FIVE MINUTES! GIVE THE BOYS THE SIGNAL THAT'LL SHOW THIS TOWN THE ROUghest FIVE MINUTES OF FIREWORKS IT EVER HAD!

RIGHT, BALDY!



WHOA, BOY!
WHOA!



RUNAWAY!
STOP HERE!

AND AS PEOPLE HEAR THE CRY AND RUSH INTO THE MAIN STREET...

STOP, YOU CRAZY CAPUSE!
WHOA, FELLER! WHOA!

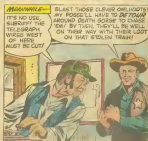
GIT! GIT!

PERFECT! OUR BOYS ARE ALL IN POSITION AND THESE CURIOUS CRITTERS WALKED STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP!

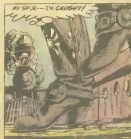


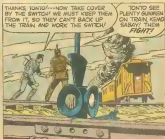












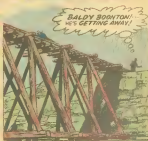


BUT AS THE TRAIN BACKS TOWARD THE SWITCH---





AS THE POSSE SPREADS OUT, THE BAND IS CAUGHT IN A MURDEROUS CROSS-FIRE...





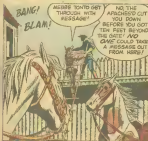
BUT AS THE LONG RANGER GRABS THE FLEEING ROBBER, BALDY THWISTS AND SUDDENLY---



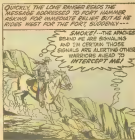












WE MAY BE ABLE TO REACH FORT HAMMER BEFORE THE OTHER ARCHERS FIND US!—COME ON, SILVER!



SOON—

TOO LATE!



THEY'VE CUT US OFF!



MAYBE I CAN'T GET THROUGH SILVER, BUT YOU CAN! FORT HAMMER IS OUR WEST!—SILVER, RIDE FOR THE SUN! KEEP GOING TOWARD THE SUN!



REMEMBER SILVER! RIDE TO THE SUN!





SUDDENLY A HUGE OBSTACLE APPEARS BEFORE SILVER, BUT STILL FLENNING TOWARD THE SUN,
HE GATHERS SPEED AND LEAPS—



AND AS THE PURSUING ARMY OF DEATHS RIN BY THE HIGH CHAIR, NEVER LANDS EARLY AND GALLOPS WESTWARD...



AND AS THE LONE RANGER BLAZES AWAY
AT THE ONCHURING APACHES, SUDDENLY—



SUDDENLY—



THE APACHE'VE
TURNED TAIL!

COLONEL! LOOK AT THE MAN
WE RESCUED—HE'S A FRIEND!



THE MASK DOESN'T
TALK! WHAT YOU
THINK HE IS, SERGEANT!
I KNOW THIS MAN, HE'S
A FRIEND!



THANKS, COLONEL, MARTIN
—THE APACHES WERE
WERE ONLY A SMALL
BAND! THE MAIN WAR
PARTY IS ATTACKING
FORT HILLS!





Although Glitter Gulch, New Mexico, in 1878, didn't have any television, its inhabitants were almost happy. The "knuckers" worked five silver mines; the cowpunchers composed sad songs for the "dagies"; and mercha'nts sold sugar for ten dollars a cup.

There was only one saloon, and that was on the verge of bankruptcy. The sheriff got so fed, from sitting on his pockets, he had to sell his horse and get a buckboard. The town even had a school, with a new kind of black sign from which you could wipe off the writing with a brush.

But, as always, there was one annoyance that threatened to spoil the contentment of the hard-working Westerners. That annoyance was Wesley Kansas.

Wesley was a big man. He was big up-and-down, and he was big on the sides. Nobody had ever caught him doing any work in Glitter Gulch, since he arrived on the stage one day, with nothing but the clothes on his back. He was careless about shaving and washing, and took frequent bites from a very dark and bitter-smelling plug of tobacco. Where he got the money for this, and other necessities, was a mystery. In summer, he spent his time sprawled in front of the general store; in winter, he moved inside, by the smoky iron stove. It wasn't Western hospitality to turn a neighbor out into the cold, so the store owner tolerated him and he might have gone on, in idleness, for years, if it hadn't been for his

landness for telling tall stories.

"Bo', you think you got cold winters here? Why, I've seen winters in Kansas so cold we had to go up to the North Pole to get warm."

"Aw, pull in your cinch, Kansas," said Bucky, a squinting harness maker.

"Why don't you tell the truth once in awhile?" said Side-Saddle Pete.

"Boys, it hurts me inside to think you disbelieve me," said Wesley, putting a croaker into his ample pockets.

"Next, you'll be tellin' us about the time you got stuck in the snow in Death Valley," said Bucky, disgustedly.

"You know, Bucky, that puts me in mind of a story—" said Wesley.

"We don't want to hear it," said Side-Saddle Pete.

"—bout this mechanical feller that made a rubber suit to protect him from the hot sun. He poured some liquid on this here suit, and then the sun beat down and drewed off the wet stuff, coolin' him off real Jasper."

"An' I suppose he's a millionaire now," said Pete, unbelievably.

"Nape," said Wesley. "Dang suit didn't work and they found the inventor, frozen stiff in Death Valley, with an axle a foot long hangin' from his nose."

Aworted groans filled the little store.

"Boy! You shars can dream 'em up," moaned Bucky, rubbing his thumping hair.

"It's true. So help me. Happened the year

before I toured the plains as the most unusual two-headed man in the world."

"How were you the most unusual two-headed man in the world?" said Pete, doubtfully.

"I only had one head," guffawed Wesley.

"You've got to go," said Bucky determinedly.

"Nah. You know you fellers would miss me," said Wesley.

"Yeah. Like we'd miss a six-foot scorpion," said Pete.

"Six foot scorpions would be specks compared to the grasshopper stampede we had in Kansas in 'twenty-nine. Bunch o' grasshoppers broke into a laboratory, and drank some thyroid extract. Inside of a week, these grasshoppers were as big as a house. Even cannon balls wouldn't stop 'em. We finally had to dynamite the dam and flood Tapeaks to get rid of the critters."

This was the last straw. The townsfolk decided to get rid of Wesley Kansas. As part of the plan, Side-Saddle Pete had a tall tale to tell the next day.

"Hey, George," he began, to the store owner, "how much flour you orderin' this year for the Tommy Knackers?"

George's eyes did invisible arithmetic on the ceiling. "Ohhhhh—reckon two hundred-weight oughta hold 'em."

George resumed stocking the shelves and



Pete threw another log on the hissing stove.

Wesley cleared his throat, naively.

"Say somethin', Wes?" inquired Bucky.

Wesley shook his head, na.

There was silence for forty seconds.

"What the deuce is a Tommy Knacker?" demanded Wesley.

"You're kiddin', Wes?" said Pete. "Why, the logging gang that comes through this time every year. Mean cusses. Put everybody to work, choppin' trees and clearin' stumps. Owww . . . my back's still sore from last year."

Wesley shifted uneasily in his wide chair.

"Can't nobody make a feller work if he don't have a mind to," he said.

"Those sidewinders can," returned Pete. "They got a gadget called the Workometer. It sends out electric waves, and can smell out anybody that ain't workin' within a hundred miles."

Wesley pulled his bulky body out of his cherished chair and waddled to the door.

"Excuse me, fellers. Gotta get a haircut."

As soon as Wesley was outside, the store occupants exploded into uncontrollable laughter. Tommy Knackers were the unseen pranksters who, miners believed, made mischief in the mines, and there was no such thing as a Workometer. Neither was there any Wesley Kansas in Glitter Gulch from that day on.



YOUNG HAWK

RAINY AND IT LOOKS LIKE
A SHARK, YOUNG HAWK?

IF IT IS, THE
RIVER WILL RISE,
LITTLE BUCK!

IN THEIR CAPTURED SIOUX CANOE, THE MANDAR YOUTHS
PROCEED NOWHEARD DOWN THE LITTLE MISSOURI...

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THE RIVER IS
RISING, YOUNG HAWK!
IT WILL SOON BE OVER
THE BANKS!

DRIFTWOOD! THE
FLOOD MUST BE BAD,
HIGHER UP!

THAT TREE HAS
PASSENGERS ---
A SKILL FIS AND
A SQUIRREL!

YARR!
YARR!

SOME HOURS LATER, YOUNG HAWK'S
PREDICTION PROVES TRUE!

YOUNG HAWK!
THERE ARE NO SHORES
IN SIGHT! WHERE
SHALL WE GO?

WE'LL MAKE
FOR THAT BLUFF
OF GOTTENWOODS!
IT'S WELL ABOVE
WATER!

ALMOST BEFORE THEY REALIZE IT, THE CANOE IS "LOST"
IN A SOUNDLESS EXpanse OF FLOODWATER, WITH
SHEETS OF RAIN LIMITING THE VIEW....



UNDER THE MUDDY WATER, YOUNG HANK STEPS INTO A HOLE ..





AND THEN, TUMBLESEED'S SHARP BARK SHATTERS THE SILENCE!

ABRUPTLY, THE BUCC ANTELOPE TURNS AWAY AS LITTLE BUCK AND YOUNG HAWK LOOSE THEIR ARROWS QUICKLY..



I CAN STILL GET HIM--- BEFORE HE SINKS!

WEE-
WEE!



WE'LL HAVE TO SMOK
MOST OF THIS MEAT NOW,
LITTLE BUCK! IT MAY BE
THE LAST WE'LL HAVE TO
EAT IN QUITE A WHILE!

THEN WE'LL
HAVE TO BUILD
A SMOKEHOUSE!
IT'S POURING
AGAIN!



EARLY THAT NIGHT-----

THIS IS THE LAST OF IT,
LITTLE BUCK! IT WILL
ALL BE FINELY WELL
SMOKED BY MORNING!

I'M
SMOKED UP
ALREADY---
AND DOO-TIEG?
LET'S SLEEP!



YEEH! LOOK!
THE WATER
IS OVER
OUR ISLAND!

PUT OUR THINGS
INTO THE CANOE,
LITTLE BUCK!

WEEH!

SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN, THE TIRED BOYS SLEEP
SOUNDLY---UNTIL TUMBLEWEED'S WHINE
SOUNDS AN ALARM.



I'VE PACKED OUR
SMOKED MEAT NOW---
WHERE CAN WE GO,
TUMBLEWEED?

NOWHERE! PUT
YOUR BUTT AND ROSE
OVER YOUR HEAD TO
KEEP THE RAIN OFF,
AND GO TO SLEEP AGAIN
TILL MORNING!

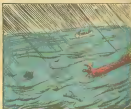


AT DAWN WITH THE WATER
HIGHER STILL....

WAKE UP, LITTLE BUCK!
DAYLIGHT! AND WE HAVE
NEIGHBORS!

HUNT
NEIGHBORS?
WHO---?





THE RAIN KEEPS ON! SHEETS OF RAIN HIDE THE HORIZON, AND ALL SIGN OF DRY LAND! DRIFT CURRENTS CARRY THE BOYS' CANOE THIS WAY AND THAT, ALL DAY...



ANOTHER ISLAND---TO THE WEST! A HIGH ONE!

THE RAIN HAS STOPPED--- AND THE MOON LIGHTS OUR WAY, LITTLE BUCK---

AND THE ISLAND IS VERY CLOSE! WE'LL SLEEP DRY TONIGHT!





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ME LOTS OF PEP

PARDNERS, WE'LL
LOVE BABY RUTH
AROUND HERE

I SEE IT
GIVES YOU
BOUNCE,
TOO

I SURE
GO FOR THESE
TASTY HUTS IN
BABY RUTH

I'M PITCHING
FOR A BIG
BABY RUTH

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